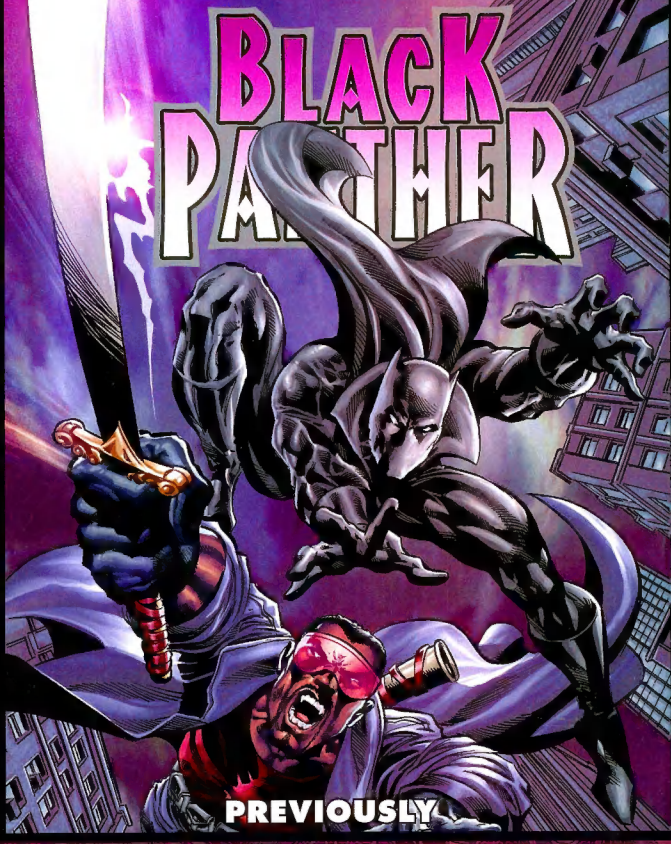


There are some places you just don't mess with. Wakanda is one of them. Since the dawn of time, that African warrior nation has been sending would-be conquerors home in body bags. While the rest of Africa got carved up like a Christmas turkey by the rest of the world, Wakanda's cultural evolution has gone unchecked for centuries, unfettered by the yoke of colonization. The result: A hi-tech, resource-rich, ecologically-sound paradise that makes the rest of the world seem primitive by comparison.

Ruling over all this is the Black Panther.

The Black Panther is more than just the embodiment of a warrior cult that's served as Wakanda's religious, political and military head since its inception. The Black Panther is the embodiment of the ideals of a people. Anyone who'd dare to make a move on Wakanda must go through him.

Every kingdom must have its Queen, and T'Challa's mother has decided it is time for him to choose a wife. The prospects of allying with Wakanda attracts potential brides worldwide, including the daughters of many tyrants looking to up their global game. T'Challa fights off the hordes of one such matchmaker along with the New Avengers' Luke Cage. Upon their return to the United States Panther and Cage head to New Orleans to lend their aid to hurricane relief, only to find the Big Easy hip-deep in vampires!

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ATTACK THAT HOUSE! KILL EVERYONE INSIDE!

LUKE! DON'T LOOK INTO THEIR EYES! THEY WILL MESMERIZE YOU!
YOU MEAN LIKE YOUR FRIEND AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS? HE'S BEEN STANDING THERE LIKE A STATUE FOR 15 MINUTES!
BROTHER VOODOO IS A TWO-HEADED MAN. HIS SPIRIT-SELF IS PROBABLY ENGAGED IN A DISCUSSION ON THE SPIRITUAL PLANE.
WELL, IN THE MEANTIME, CAN HIS PHYSICAL SELF GET A SHARP STICK AND START STAKING SOME OF THESE BLOODSUCKERS? 'CAUSE THEIR BREATH ALONE IS ENOUGH TO KILL A MAN!
WHITE LIGHT, BLACK HEAT
REGINALD HUDLIN WRITER
SCOTT EATON PENCILS
KLAUS JANSON INKS
DEAN WHITE COLORS
VC'S RANDY GENTILE LETTERS
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CORY SEDLMEIER ASSOC. EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR
JOE QUESADA CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

BEATRICE! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO KILL THE SUPER-POWERED ONES. THEY WILL BE GENERALS IN MY VAMPIRE ARMY!
I THOUGHT I WAS YOUR GENERAL, DEAR VICTOR.
ENOUGH GAMES, WOMAN!
BEATRICE? VICTOR? YOU ALL WOULDN'T BE THE MONTAGUES, WOULD YOU? VOLUNTARILY WENT VAMP DURING A DRUNKEN ORGY SOMETIME BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION?
WHAT-- HOW DID YOU GET HERE? THIS IS A PRIVATE CONVERSATION!
BEING THE "LORD OF THE LOA" GIVES ME THE ABILITY TO "WIRETAP" THE NETHERWORLD.
I WAS YOUR BETTER BEFORE I TURNED. NOW YOUR IMPUDENCE IS JUST ABSURD.
YOU THINK I'M PLAYING WITH YOU? IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT IN THIS REALM, TOO BAD FOR YOU.
LEAVE MY MAN ALONE!
BEAT IT, HAG.
AAIEEE!

THUNK
THUNK
NOT SO FAST.
YOU BACK WITH US?
YES, HE DISTRACTED ME. I ALMOST HAD HIM.
WHO?
THE HEAD OF THE BLOODLINE. THE VAMPIRE THAT STARTED THIS OUTBREAK.
DO YOU HAVE A FIX ON HIS PHYSICAL LOCATION?
YES. IF WE CAN MAKE IT OUT OF HERE.
WORKING ON IT.
DORA MILAJE...?

SIRE?
...WHAT IS YOUR LOCATION?
TWO KILOMETERS AWAY. OFFLOADING THE VOLUNTEERS A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE ATTACK.
VERY GOOD. ONCE YOU ARE DONE THERE, RETURN TO THIS LOCATION AND REMOVE THE TOP LEVEL OF THE HOUSE. WE ARE IN THE BASEMENT.
UNDERSTOOD.
OKAY, GUYS...PROBLEM. I THINK WE'VE USED EVERY PIECE OF WOOD IN THIS BASEMENT.
THERE'S A LOT MORE WOOD COMING.
SOON?
"VERY SOON."
KE-RAAAAASH

BOOM
DIRECTLY ABOVE YOU, SIRE.
VERY GOOD. NOW OPEN THE BOTTOM PORTAL. BUT DO NOT EXIT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. UNDERSTOOD?
YES, SIRE.
DANG! THE KNICKS COULD USE A VERTICAL LEAP LIKE YOU, BROTHA!

NO! STAND BACK!
SCHLIKT
I GOT THAT FOR YOU.
SIRE...?
HMMM? OH, A LITTLE LEFTOVER JEWELRY.
GET ME MY THRICE-BLESSED ARMOR. AND THE EBONY BLADE. ACCESS MY AVENGERS FILES AND GET ME EVERY CONTACT NUMBER FOR MONICA RAM--
CARRUUNCH!

GOOD! NOW *RIP* IT TO SHREDS!
THEY'VE DISABLED THE RADIO, SIRE.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. PROTECT THE CREW. GRAB THE SILVERWARE--THAT WILL HELP.
DO YOU SEE HIM?
HE CAN'T HIDE.
WHAT'S THAT?
THIS *ARMOR* HAS BEEN CONSECRATED IN THE NAME OF THE PANTHER GOD.
THIS *BLADE* IS A WEAPON OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.
IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS HOLY--PREPARE TO *DIE*.

WE HAVE AN EVEN BETTER STRATEGY TO BEAT YOU, MEAT. WE WILL TURN THIS ENTIRE TOWN AGAINST YOU.
BY MORNING, WE'LL BE *FAT* WITH BLOOD.
PRAY TO YOUR DEAD GOD...WE'LL BE BACK SOON.
WHY WAIT? TASTE MY EBONY BLADE NOW! WHY SHOULD THE DEAD BE SCARED OF DYING?
T'CHALLA? THAT YOU?
MAN, YOU KEEP A HELL OF A *WARDROBE* WITH YOU!
NICE SWORD. MIND IF I FEEL THE WEIGHT?
NIIIICE. GIVE IT TO ME IN YOUR WILL, OKAY?
THAT WAS RUDE, BLADE.
WHEN YOU'RE IMMORTAL, YOU DON'T SWEAT THE SMALL STUFF, OKAY?
OKAY, THIS IS ABOUT THE NASTIEST JOB I'VE EVER BEEN ON. BUT THE FOUR OF US CAN HANDLE IT, RIGHT?
NO. WE'RE *ONE* SHORT. THE SOLUTION IS NEARBY. WE JUST HAVE TO FIND *HER*.
"HER"? WHO? THIS IS WHAT I DO!
DON'T BE PRIDEFUL, BLADE. THERE IS *PLENTY* FOR ALL OF US TO DO.

NEW ORLEANS ■ GOING TO TURN INTO A SLAUGHTERHOUSE IF WE DON'T MOVE QUICKLY. IF WE SPLIT UP, WE CAN DO EVERYTHING WE NEED TO IN THE NEXT HOUR.
SO YOU THINK BEING AN AFRICAN KING AUTOMATICALLY MAKES YOU THE *BOSS?*
NO, HAVING THE BEST IDEA DOES. SO SHUT UP.
YOU HAVE A DIFFERENT TACTICAL APPROACH YOU'D LIKE TO SUGGEST? AFTER ALL, THESE *ARE* YOUR PEOPLE.
TOUCHÉ.
NO, IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE. I JUST PREFER TO WORK ALONE.
I PRESUMED AS MUCH. THAT'S WHY YOUR ASSIGNMENT ■ ALONE.
TAKE OUT THE HEAD OF THE BLOODLINE?
EXACTLY.
WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU? FINALLY A BUNCH OF BLACK SUPER HEROES GET TOGETHER, SAVING WHAT ■ BASICALLY A BLACK CITY, AND YOU GOT TO ACT LIKE A FOOL?
WHEN YOU'RE UNDEAD AS LONG AS I HAVE BEEN, RACE DOESN'T COUNT FOR MUCH.
YOU GOT SOMETHING ELSE TO SAY?
YEAH. ARE THOSE *SILVER BULLETS* IN YOUR GUN?
YES. BUT SILVER ■ A SOFT METAL, SO IT MISFIRES A LOT. BLADES, SPIKES AND SILVER ARROWS --- *THOSE* ARE SURE THINGS.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO BORROW IT?
UH, YEAH. GUNS ARE USUALLY JUST A LIABILITY PROBLEM FOR ME. BUT IN *THIS* INSTANCE, I WOULDN'T MIND A LITTLE EDGE.
I TAKE IT YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND A GLOCK.
C'MON, MAN, BACK IN THE DAY, THAT WAS MY *PIECE!*

LATER...
MONICA, I WANT TO HELP PEOPLE AS MUCH AS YOU DO. BUT IF WE LOAD ANOTHER PERSON ONTO THIS SHIP, WE'RE GOING TO CAPSIZE!
WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO, DAD? IT'S BAD ENOUGH BEING TRAPPED WITH NO FOOD OR WATER. NOW WITH THOSE... THINGS ...OUT THERE...
MONICA RAMBEAU!
WHO THE HELL IS THAT?
THE B-BLACK PANTHER!
YOU'RE KIDDING ME? THAT'S HIM? DOGGONE IT-- I KNEW SOMETHING GOOD WAS GONNA COME OUTTA THIS MESS! THE BLACK PANTHER ■■ THE BIG EASY! WATCHOUTNOW!
WE HAVE NEED FOR THE ABILITIES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL.
PHOTON?
UH, NOT MY CODE NAME ANYMORE.
NOT THAT ONE EITHER.
PULSAR?
WELL, I KIND OF JUST GO BY "MONICA" NOW.
I WILL UPDATE MY FILES.

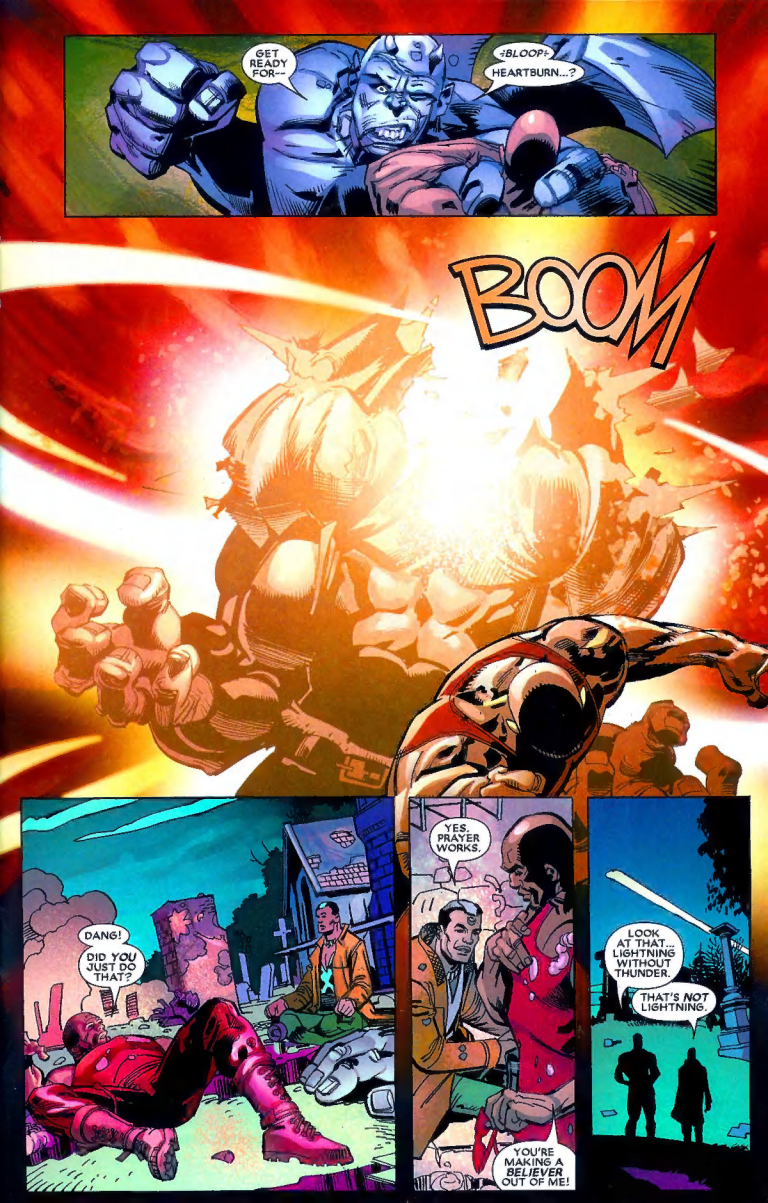
ELSEWHERE...
SINCE MOST OF NEW ORLEANS IS BELOW SEA LEVEL, COFFINS HAVE A HARD TIME STAYING IN THE GROUND UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES. THE FLOODS MUST HAVE HAD THEM POPPING OUT LIKE JACK-IN-THE-BOXES.
SEE, THE COFFINS POPPED UP SO HARD THEY LANDED ON THE HIGHWAY. ONE OF THEM MUST OF HAD THAT OLD BLOODSUCKER, VICTOR MONTAGUE, IN IT.
HE MUST HAVE CAUSED THAT CAR WRECK OVER THERE, THEN ATTACKED THE DRIVER. WITH SOME FRESH BLOOD IN HIM, HE SET OUT TO BUILD A NEW EMPIRE FOR HIMSELF.
SO WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE AT GROUND ZERO?
SMASHING VICTOR'S FINAL RESTING PLACE SO HE CAN HAVE NO PLACE TO GO BACK TO ONCE WE RUN HIM OUT OF THE LAND OF THE LIVING.
"CAGE SMASH." OKAY, GOT THAT PART DOWN.
DON'T DO THAT!!!
I SAID, DON'T DO THAT!

...I'M WORKING FOR SOMEONE ELSE NOW. WHEN I HEARD WHAT WAS GOING ON DOWN HERE, I HAD TO CHECK ON MY DAD.
THIS IS A CONVERSATION I'VE BEEN MEANING TO HAVE WITH YOU FOR A LONG TIME.
YOU USE YOUR POWERS IN SUCH MUNDANE WAYS. IT MAKES ME SAD.
SAD?
YOU HAVE THE POWER OF THE SUN AT YOUR DISPOSAL AND YOU USE IT LIKE A SIX-SHOOTER. YOU MANIPULATE MATTER ON A MOLECULAR LEVEL.
YOU ARE A *GODDESS.* *ACT* LIKE IT.
DID YOU HEAR THAT RAP HE JUST PUT ON HER? THE BLACK PANTHER IS A PIMP!
HE COULD GET SOME NOW IF HE WANTED.
I KNOW I WOULD.

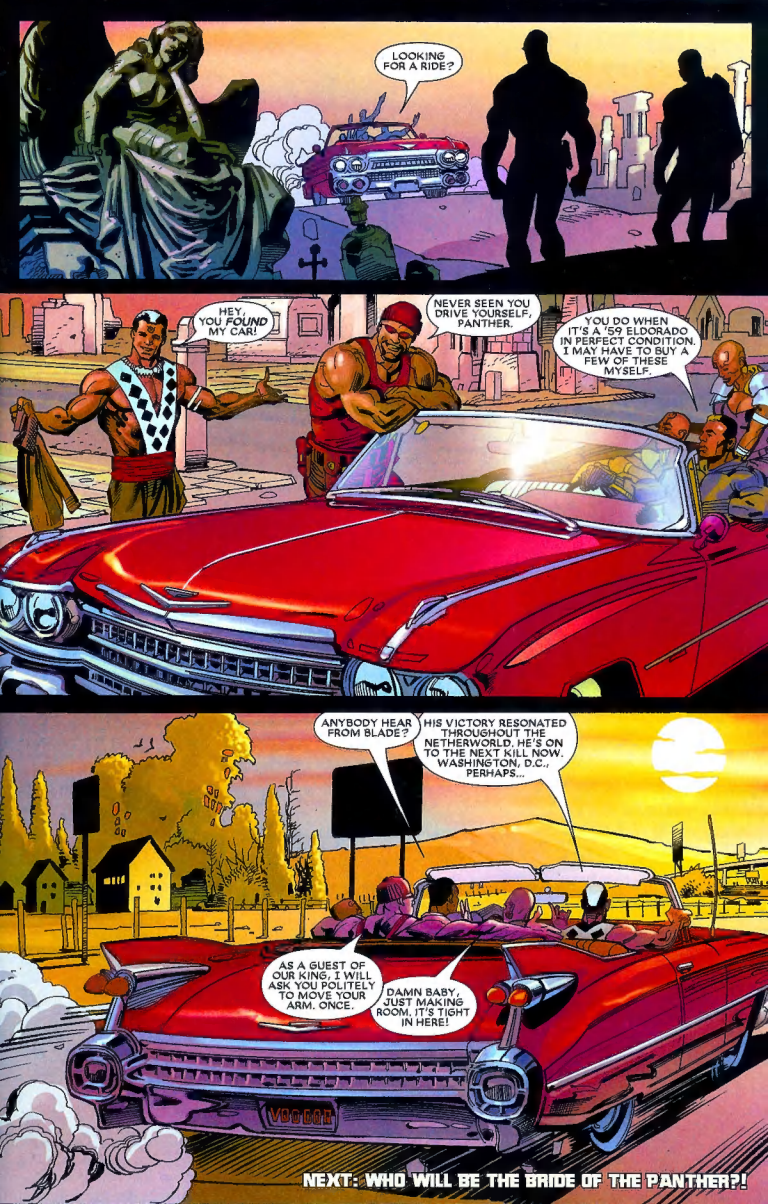
MEANWHILE...
WE WILL RESTORE AND REBUILD ALL THE GREAT PLANTATIONS.
THAT S-S-SOUNDS GREAT.
WHILE I HATE THAT SLAVE MUSIC, I THINK WE KEEP THEM HAPPY WITH THE GAMBLING AND DRINKING. AFTER ALL, THAT HELPS GROW OUR NEXT GREAT CROP.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
FOR A TRULY FINE MEAL, YOU NEED BABIES' BLOOD. WE'LL NEED TO ENCOURAGE BREEDING TO KEEP UP WITH DEMAND.
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT--?
MY SECURITY DETAIL. BLADE IS HERE.
BLADE? WHO THE HELL IS BLADE?
YOU'RE FAST, BLADE. BUT I'M FASTER.
SPLAK

DYING TIME, MONTAGUE. THIS TIME THE BIG SLEEP. NO MORE WAKE-UPS.
TIME FOR YOU TO LEARN SOME MANNERS AROUND YOUR BETTERS, HALF-BREED.
I'VE BEEN DUELING LONGER THAN YOU'VE BEEN IN EXISTENCE. LET'S SEE WHERE YOUR SWORD SKILLS RATE.
WASH
AS I THOUGHT. WEAK.
NO NEED TO WASTE ANOTHER MOMENT ON THE LIKES OF YOU.

YOU LOOK LIKE A TOUGH PIECE OF MEAT.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM!
HERE'S A CLUE.
YOU NEED A LITTLE TENDERIZING.
CLICK CLICK
THUD THUD THUD
UH...BRAH...I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MUMBLING, BUT...ANYTIME NOW...
HA! YOU THINK THE SO-CALLED "LORD OF THE LOAS" CAN HELP YOU? ONCE I FINISH MY ROUGHAGE, HE'LL BE MY DESSERT!


GET READY FOR--
<BLOOP>
HEARTBURN...?
BOOM
DANG!
DID YOU JUST DO THAT?
YES. PRAYER WORKS.
YOU'RE MAKING A BELIEVER OUT OF ME!
LOOK. AT THAT... LIGHTNING WITHOUT THUNDER.
THAT'S NOT LIGHTNING.

NOOOOO!
OF COURSE--
--I ASKED TO MAKE SURE I GET THE BEST KILL *MYSELF!*
SLINK
AND AS FOR *YOU*...
H-HE *MADE* US DO IT!
WE W-W-WERE *SCARED!*
ARE YOU *SURE* HE'S REALLY DEAD THIS TIME?
YOU DISGUST ME. AND NOT JUST BECAUSE YOU SOILED YOURSELVES.
REMEMBER, YOUR KARMA BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS SITUATION.
"KARMA," RIGHT...GOTTA LOOK THAT UP.


LOOKING FOR A RIDE?
HEY YOU FOUND MY CAR!
NEVER SEEN YOU DRIVE YOURSELF, PANTHER.
YOU DO WHEN IT'S A '59 ELDORADO IN PERFECT CONDITION. I MAY HAVE TO BUY A FEW OF THESE MYSELF.
ANYBODY HEAR FROM BLADE?
HIS VICTORY RESONATED THROUGHOUT THE NETHERWORLD. HE'S ON TO THE NEXT KILL NOW. WASHINGTON, D.C., PERHAPS...
AS A GUEST OF OUR KING, I WILL ASK YOU POLITELY TO MOVE YOUR ARM. ONCE.
DAMN BABY, JUST MAKING ROOM. IT'S TIGHT IN HERE!
NEXT: WHO WILL BE THE BRIDE OF THE PANTHER?!